5 1854.2.5 dTR

Transcribed by Beth Witherell, 2020

Black text is in ink in the manuscript; gray text is in pencil. Originally-written material is in 14 point type; material added later is in 11 point type. Marginal notes and notes in square brackets have been supplied by the transcriber. Curly brackets indicate that the text is illegible or that a reading is uncertain.

I've added two vertical lines that are probably in pencil. The available image of the MS is poor; there may be more material in pencil.

[February 5, 1854]

. . .

That sand foliage! It convinces me

that nature is still in her youth– That

florid fact about which Mythology

[new page]

merely mutters–that the very soil

can fabulate as well as you or I.

It stretches forth its baby fingers on

every side. Fresh curls spring forth

from its bald brow– There is nothing

inorganic– This earth is not then a *vertical line in pencil*

mere fragment of dead history–strata

upon strata like the leaves of a book–

an object for a museum & an antiquarian

but living poetry like the leaves of a tree–

–not a fossil earth–but a living *vertical line in pencil*

specimen. You may melt your

metals & cast them into the most beautiful

moulds

^ you can–they will never excite me

like the forms which this molten earth

flows out into– The very earth–as well

as the institutions upon it–~~are like~~ is

plastic like potters clay in the hands

of the artist. ~~Nature is in fact~~ These

florid heaps lie along the bank like

the slag of a furnace–showing that na-

but there is

ture is in full-blast within. ^ No admittance

except on business. Ye dead & alive preach-

ers ~~it is {al}~~ ye have no business here. ~~To you~~ Ye

to

will enter ~~it~~ only ~~as~~ your tomb it *and* as *cancelled in pencil*

. . .